**Unseen Poetry**

**Remember**

Remember me when I am gone away,

Gone far away into the silent land;

When you can no more hold me by the hand,

Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day

You tell me of our future that you planned:

Only remember me; you understand

It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while

And afterwards remember, do not grieve:

For if the darkness and corruption leave

A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile

Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti

1. **In ‘Remember’, how does the poet present the speaker’s feelings about death?**

**Piano**

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;

Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see

A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling

strings

And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she

sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song

Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong

To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside

And hymns in the cozy parlor, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamor

With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour

Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast

Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the

past.

D.H.Lawrence

1. **In both ‘Remember’ and ‘Piano’ the speakers describe feelings about death and remembrance. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings?**

**Hide and Seek**

Call out. Call loud: ‘I’m ready! Come and find me!’

The sacks in the toolshed smell like the seaside.

They’ll never find you in this salty dark,

But be careful that your feet aren’t sticking out.

Wiser not to risk another shout.

The floor is cold. They’ll probably be searching

The bushes near the swing. Whatever happens

You mustn’t sneeze when they come prowling in.

And here they are, whispering at the door;

You’ve never heard them sound so hushed before.

Don’t breathe. Don’t move. Stay dumb. Hide in your blindness.

They’re moving closer, someone stumbles, mutters;

Their words and laughter scuffle, and they’re gone.

But don’t come out just yet; they’ll try the lane

And then the greenhouse and back here again.

They must be thinking that you’re very clever,

Getting more puzzled as they search all over.

It seems a long time since they went away.

Your legs are stiff, the cold bites through your coat;

The dark damp smell of sand moves in your throat.

It’s time to let them know that you’re the winner.

Push off the sacks. Uncurl and stretch. That’s better!

Out of the shed and call to them: ‘I’ve won!

Here I am! Come and own up I’ve caught you!’

The darkening garden watches. Nothing stirs.

The bushes hold their breath; the sun is gone.

Yes, here you are. But where are they who sought you?

Vernon Scanell

1. **In ‘Hide and Seek’, how does the poet present their ideas about growing up?**

**If —**

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,

Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,

And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;

If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,

And stoop and build ’em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,

And — which is more — you’ll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

1. **In both ‘Hide and Seek’ and ‘If-’ the speakers explore ideas about growing up. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings?**

**Slow Reader**

He can make sculptures

and fabulous machines,

invent games, tell jokes,

give solemn, adult advice –

but he is slow to read.

When I take him on my knee

with his *Ladybird* book

he gazes into the air,

sighing and shaking his head

like an old man

who knows the mountains

are impassable.

He toys with words,

letting them go cold

as gristly meat,

until I relent

and let him wriggle free:

a fish returning

to its element,

or a white-eyed colt – shying

from the bit \*– who sees

that if he takes it

in his mouth

he’ll never run

quite free again.

VICKI FEAVER

1. **How does the poet present the speaker’s feelings about the child and his experience of learning to read?**

**Advice to a Teenage Daughter**

You have found a new war-game

called Love.

Here on your dressing-table

stand arrayed

brave ranks of lipsticks

brandishing

swords of cherry pink and flame.

Behold the miniature armies

of little jars,

packed with the scented

dynamite of flowers.

See the dreaded tweezers;

tiny pots

of manufactured moonlight,

stick-on-stars.

Beware my sweet;

conquest may seem easy

but you can’t compete with football,

motor-cycles, cars,

cricket, computer games,

or a plate of chips.

ISOBEL TRILLING

1. **In both ‘Slow Reader**’ **and ‘Advice to a Teenage Daughter’ the speakers explore ideas about learning. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings?**

**Tramp**

This mad prophet

gibbers\* mid-traffic,

wringing his hands

whilst mouthing at heaven.

No messages for us.

His conversation is simply

a passage through time.

He points and calls.

Our uneven stares dissuade\*

approach. We fear him, his

matted hair, patched coat,

grey look from sleeping out.

We mutter amongst ourselves

and hope he keeps away. No

place for him in our heaven,

there it’s clean and empty.

*\* gibbers – speaks so fast it sounds like nonsense  
\*dissuade – persuade against*

*Rupert M. Loydell.*

1. **In ‘Tramp’, how does the poet present the speaker’s feelings about homelessness?**

**Decomposition**

I have a picture I took in Bombay

of a beggar asleep on the pavement:

grey-haired, wearing shorts and a dirty shirt,

his shadow thrown aside like a blanket.

His arms and legs could be cracks in the stone;

routes for the ants’ journeys, the flies’

descents.

brain-washed by the sun into exhaustion,

he lies veined into stone, a fossil man.

Behind him, there is a crowd passingly

bemused by a pavement trickster and quite

indifferent to this very common sight

of an old man asleep on the pavement.

I thought it was a good composition

and glibly called it The Man in the Street,

remarking how typical it was of

India that the man in the street lived there.

His head in the posture of one weeping

into a pillow chides me\* now for my

presumption at attempting to compose

art out of his hunger and solitude.

*\*chides me – tells me off*

*Zulfikar Ghose*

1. **In both ‘Tramp’ and ‘Decomposition’ the speakers describe feelings about individuals on the edge of society. What are the similarities and/or differences between the ways the poets present those feelings?**